

WHAT DID YOU SEE TO-DAY?

A PAGE OF REAL NEWS

EVENING WORLD PAGE OF BRIGHT, UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS
REPORTED BY EVENING WORLD READERS

A PAGE WORTH READING

MANHATTAN

BOOTHERS.
On 54th Street to-day a lady stopped me and asked where the leading department stores were. I pointed out one or two of them. She said: "I don't think any of the New York stores can compare with those in Los Angeles."—Jane Cooper, No. 440 Riverside Drive.

SHOCK.
I saw a cat to-day on Riverside Drive leap to escape the wheels of an automobile. She came through safely, but on her way to the sidewalk she lay down apparently to get her breath. I walked over to her and found she was dead. Heart failure.—S. E. Lewkowicz, No. 61 West 33d Street.

THE TRY-OUT.
Into the furniture house where I work I saw a family come to look at couches. Every member of the family laid down on one to see if it was comfortable.—P. Green, New York.

NATURE STUDY.
I saw on upper Broadway why spiders have such long legs. A small black spider was mounted on a grasshopper twice its size. Its legs were wound around the grasshopper and it was carrying it to across the sidewalk to a hole large enough to bury its victim. On this carcass, I later learned from a book, the spider will lay her eggs and the baby spiders will feed on it until they are old enough to shift for themselves.—Augusta R. Brenner, No. 119 W. 116th Street.

SINCERE AND GENUINE APPROVAL.
A WOMAN came running after me as I left the 59th Street car. "Dearie," she said, "won't you please tell me where you got that dress? You are just the same shape as I and I have the greatest trouble getting ready-made clothes. Your dress looked so nice that I just said to my daughter, on the car, 'If that lady gets off at the same corner I do,' says I, 'I'm going to ask her where she got the dress.'"—Ella J. Miller, No. 344 West 72d Street.

ON THE Q. T.
In the dining room of a Fifth Avenue hotel I saw enter a distinguished looking man. He came apparently one of importance, for the headwaiter signalled the other waiters and he was quickly seated to a choice table. He was completely dressed and his manners at the table were impeccable as he ate his simple meal, which, however, seemed to me no great feat for him. He began chattering over his food, and suddenly I saw him dip his toast into his coffee, and with the quickness of a cat pounce the moistened bread into his mouth. He turned around to see if any one had observed him, but on his face was a smile of pleasure and satisfaction.—Mrs. Mary L. Brockway, No. 292 West 98th Street.

THE BATTLE OF DOBBS FERRY.
AS I WAS walking up one of the steep streets of Dobbs Ferry I stopped at a low stone wall to rest. Three big black ants arrested my attention. Quite evidently there had been a battle. One ant had been so badly worsted that I thought the victor was dragging it around in triumph, stopping occasionally to bite at its body. On closer investigation I saw that the "victim" had taken an unbreakable hold on one of the other ant's legs just above the joint. Nothing the victor could do would open his late adversary's mouth. He bit at the body, twisted the neck, but couldn't break the hold. I saw there was still life in the "under dog" and, after watching them a short time, I took a little twig and severed his head from its body. The head still remained fastened to the leg of the victorious ant which, I presume, will wear that decoration to the end of its days.—Mrs. R. H. MacCreedy, No. 535 West 111th Street.

SOCIAL SURVEY.
On the esplanade at Manhattan Beach to-day I saw a tall, beautiful girl dressed like a "Follies" girl—and all—but on a long black ribbon she wore a Phi Beta Kappa key.—Wilfred Hahn, No. 147 West 111th Street.

TIME TO GO HOME.
I saw a lady knock down a house by a battle ball at Prospect Park, but on being revived she did not say "Where am I?" She asked: "What time is it?"—Alice Rothberg, No. 178 Clinton Street.

ON "DEATH AVENUE."
On 10th Avenue at 12th Street, known as "Death Avenue," because the railroad is built in the street, there is a car on horseback swinging a red lantern as a warning to pedestrians, especially children, to beware of the moving trains.—H. I. K., No. 351 West 15th Street.

RICHMOND

HOW THE MONEY POURED IN.

I SUPPOSE we all agreed about the wisdom of making hay while the sun shines. I thought of the old adage on Tuesday night, after the cloudburst, when I saw Tom Moran, a Westerleigh youth, make money while the flood lasted. Tom started in business with two empty soap boxes, went to the trolley centre and placed the boxes where they served as stepping stones from trolley car to sidewalk. He suffered but one setback. When business was almost at its summit 50 per cent. of his stock was washed down the avenue by the onrushing waters. It took him ten minutes to splash through the waters after that box, and meanwhile one customer waited on the other box.—Florine Clark, No. 126 Richmond Turnpike, Tompkinsville, S. I.

METGIES GETS THE DECISION.
The storm struck Staten Island with such force and fury that the lowlands, and more especially Water Street in Stapleton, were flooded. More than 100 persons saw Charles Metgies swim up Water Street from the railroad tracks to Stapleton Park. The feat was accomplished with much difficulty, to win a bet from Mike Mezie, the well known lightweight champion of Staten Island. Florine Clark, No. 126 Richmond Turnpike, Tompkinsville, S. I.

HAPPY REUNION.
On 10th Street, near Tenth Avenue to-day, I saw two men eye each other for a moment and then with ear-splitting whoops rush at each other in the middle of the roadway. They belabored each other for several minutes, securing victoriously and holding up traffic. Two men tried to separate them and the two struggling ones looked at them in surprise. "We were buddies in France," one of them said. They stopped their demonstration and sat down on the curb to talk things over. They had been in the same outfit in the army, had been wounded and sent to the hospital, but although they lived within a half mile of each other, this was the first time they had met since their return.—Daniel N. Bailey, No. 1225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

BUSY.
Just as the shoemaker's children almost invariably go barefoot the window cleaning establishment I pass on 23d Street has three extremely dirty windows facing the street.—H. I. K., No. 361 West 16th Street.

ON THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK.
On Nassau Street to-day I saw a bobbed-hair girl, without hat or wrap, leaning against a building playing a ukulele while four girl companions sang lustily.—K. A. Martin, No. 132 Nassau Street.

ENLIVENING A WAIT.
The crowded Long Beach train came to a sudden stop. The lights went out. It seemed that we would have a long tiresome wait, but did not. Several boys and girls with ukuleles saved the situation by giving us a concert. The three-quarters of an hour were really enjoyable.—Violet Christie, No. 527 East 135th Street.

THE "DOPE."
On my way to business this morning I saw an elderly man dressed in overalls, flannel shirt and an old slouch hat reading a racing sheet. He seemed very intent and from his appearance I thought he probably was picking another loser.—William Robie, No. 531 West 165th Street.

QUITE A HELP.
I saw to-day in an automobile on Fifth Avenue a lady sitting beside the man driver, evidently her husband. She was filling his pipe. Then she lit it, puffed several times to see if it drew well and inserted it in hubby's waiting mouth.—H. I. K., No. 119 West 16th Street.

TO BE PLAYED OFF.
Just as the ball game I was watching in the street to-day came to an exciting moment the batted ball was caught in the spokes of a passing automobile. The game was called.—Mary O'Connor, No. 145 E. 34th Street.

BASEBALL ON WHEELS.
I saw to-day at Broadway and 146th Street a crippled boy in a wheel chair playing ball. He chased "flies" by propelling his chair into a position so he could catch them.—Elizabeth Barker, No. 540 West 148th Street.

NOT FORGOTTEN.

I passed an Orphan Asylum in Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, and saw a pale-faced boy in the infirmary window. He was gazing intently toward the street, where another lad, with Boy Scout signal flag in either hand, was signalling to him. The sick boy apparently couldn't raise his arms, but he seemed to approve, for he nodded his head vigorously.—Mrs. A. L. Dodge, North Westland Avenue, Queens Village, L. I.

CAUTIOUS FAX.
I saw a fan in the benches at the Polo Grounds carrying a baseball mitt. He explained that he did not intend to hurt his hands catching foul balls.—Bernard J. Burns, No. 222 Crescent Street, Long Island City.

BOUND TO RISE.
I saw a man painting a house and he started from the bottom, working his way up.—Catherine Attenbrunn, No. 873 125th Street, Richmond Hill, L. I.

AT HOME SHE IS "GRANDMA" AND PRICELESS.
During a carnival in Flushing at which there was a contest to determine the most popular woman in Queens County I saw a man buy twenty-five votes and cast them for his mother-in-law.—Samuel H. Speck, 14th Avenue and 14th Street, Flushing, N. Y.

TO make this news feature even more entertaining and interesting Special Prizes are to be awarded Daily and Weekly. One Dollar is paid for every item printed; the prizes are in addition. Send them to "What Did You See?" Editor Evening World, Post Office Box 185, City Hall Station. WRITE ABOUT HAPPENINGS IN YOUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

IF you witness a serious accident, the outbreak of what threatens to be a BIG fire, or know of any other BIG news story, telephone Beekman 4000 and ask for the CITY EDITOR of The Evening World. Liberal awards for first big news. BE SURE OF YOUR FACTS.

Tell your story, if possible, in not more than 125 words. State where the thing written about took place. Write your own name and address carefully and in full. Checks are mailed daily.

DAILY PRIZES:

For the best stories each day: First prize, \$25; second prize, \$10; third prize, \$5. Ten prizes of \$2 each for ten next best stories.

WEEKLY PRIZES:

Capital prizes for best stories of week distributed among daily prize winners as follows: First prize, \$100; second prize, \$50; third prize, \$25; fourth prize, \$10.

BRONX

ANOTHER AJAX.
During the thunderstorm I saw a man wallowing in a westerly direction through West 21st Street and appeared to be equally wet inside and out. And outside he was simply soaked. "Hush, darling; that's a good baby." Turning, I saw that the man was peering into the theatre trying to locate his wife.—Samuel Dublin, No. 449 East 137th Street.

THE WINDOW DRESSER TRAINED HIM.
I stopped to admire the wonderfully appealing setting of a furniture store show window in Third Avenue, near 149th Street. Everything about the living room was exactly as "ogs" would want it to be. And then I noticed a big black and white cat, fast asleep in one of the big chairs.—Mrs. E. Diamond, No. 1322 Bathgate Avenue, Bronx.

AND GOING SOMEWHERE.
A peddler's horse, driven through Fordham Road, with overalls on its forelegs and a big straw hat on its hind legs, was seen.—Martin J. Strobel, No. 1132 Clay Avenue, Bronx.

A GOOD NEIGHBOR.
THE garden back of my mother's house and the garden back of the house on the next street are separated by a board fence, and my mother and her neighbor have always shared the expense of keeping it in repair. Early to-day workmen appeared on the scene, tore down the fence, placed another of new boards in its place and before the day was done had painted it on both sides. Without saying a word to my mother, her very good neighbor had gone about this notable improvement at her own expense.—M. B. S., Bryant Avenue, Bronx.

S. P. C. A.
I often have wondered what, if anything, had replaced the watering trough so familiar in other days. While out for luncheon to-day I saw, at the corner of Hudson and Leonard Streets, a water hydrant with a rubber hose attached to it. A big umbrella covered the spot and under the umbrella a man stood with hose in hand, ready to water horses or give drink to humans.—Carolyn M. Meitz, No. 1137 Boston Road, Bronx.

AND DON'T THROW STONES.
While walking along 139th Street I saw these words in the window of an insurance office: "Insure Your Plate Glass Horse and Wagon."—Edward Hyman, No. 355 East 149th Street, Bronx.

SEE OBJECT TO THE TUNE.
I saw a small boy playing a flute on an "L" train. He played "The Old Dutch Buckle," very much out of tune. A woman on the train, who was fumbling in her purse and handed him a penny. Her smile was deceiving, for her words carried a little sting. "Here, little boy," she said, "here's a penny; play in the next street." He went out on the platform.—Isabel Wylie, No. 1018 Summit Avenue, Bronx.

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BROOKLYN

FRIEND OF ANIMALS.
In Prospect Park I saw a rather rough-looking man in the formal garden open a large paper bag and utter some strange animal-like sounds. Almost immediately birds and animals began to gather. I counted fifty pigeons, twenty sparrows, several other little birds and some squirrels. They were flying and jumping all about him. It seemed as though he had whispered, "Come on, old friends, have no fear; this is all for you."—Mrs. J. Alekman, No. 545 Throop Avenue, Brooklyn.

CONTENTMENT IS WEALTH.
I saw an old-fashioned carriage with fringe top in Bushwick Parkway to-day. The passengers were an elderly couple, the man holding the reins loosely over a plump dapple gray. I couldn't see but what this couple were enjoying their drive full as much as any who passed them in costly limousines.—Mary Eisenman, No. 255 Bleeker Street, Brooklyn.

EXPERIENCED DRIVER.
A traffic officer at Brighton Beach halted a passing automobile and told the driver the rear lights was burning. The owner replied: "I know it. I've been fixed so often for failing to light up that I now light up immediately after starting on a long trip. It's cheaper in the end."—Albert Adler, No. 19 Louisiana Avenue, Brooklyn.

MEET JOE AND IDA.
I saw at Brighton Beach to-day a young man and a young woman who had the names Joe and Ida sewn on their bathing suits. Every one soon was calling them by name.—Joseph List, No. 184 South Second Street, Brooklyn.

LIGHTING UP THE MOVIE.
On passing a small theatre last night about 10 o'clock in Richmond Hill I saw its patrons leaving in some commotion. I learned that some mischievous boys had let loose a number of firecrackers in the theatre and that their constant flickering had so distracted the spectators they had to leave.—Ashley Westcott, No. 308 Greene Avenue, Brooklyn.

POLITEST CONDUCTOR.
The politest conductor I have ever seen in No. 3044 of the Broadway line, Manhattan. He not only calls out every stop distinctly so that all might hear, but he also signals traffic behind the car to show that a passenger is about to alight.—B. Eisenstadt, No. 115 South Second Street, Brooklyn.

THE BOSS GETS A TIP.
In the office where I am employed each day seven boys apply one morning for a position. The last boy in line sent in a card to the boss. He wrote: "I'm the last kid in the line; don't do anything until you see me." He got the job.—George R. Foglia, No. 322 59th Street, Brooklyn.

THEY LIKED THE CLOTH.
I saw to-day a stout woman pushing a baby carriage followed by four little girls. She had on a dress of white satin printed with large blue flowers. No did each of the four children. So also did the baby in the carriage and the pillow on which she was lying was covered with the same material.—Mrs. F. Lieberman, No. 523 Bushwick Avenue, Brooklyn.

BABY HELPS PAPA.
On a crowded Coney Island train a man and woman entered. She carried a baby and was immediately given a seat. After passing a station the man took the baby, walked up a few paces and immediately was offered a seat. Later, when the crowd had diminished, he moved over to his wife and said: "It worked again."—Albert Adler, No. 19 Louisiana Avenue, Brooklyn.

RENEWING HIS YOUTH.
It was very warm and players from a vaudeville theatre, who found their dressing rooms oppressively hot, filed outside the stage door awaiting their turns. A group of children nearby began to play and sing "London Bridge Is Falling Down." One of the players joined them in the game and in the song.—Samuel Rosenberg, No. 225 Hart Street, Brooklyn.

JUST AS EASY.
I saw to-day a large crowd of people gazing toward the sky laughing. Several dogs in the street looked upward and barked. I saw a squirrel running back and forth on a telephone wire just as if it was a tight rope performer in a circus. Miss Edna Mayer, No. 618 East 15th Street, Bronx.

OUT OF TOWN

SLEEP OF THE INNOCENT.

In Orange the other day I saw an automobile hit a lamp post with enough force to knock the post over. In the machine sat a young woman holding a baby. A crowd rushed to them to learn if they were hurt, but they were not—the baby was not even awakened.—J. A. Cottrell, No. 50 Quinny Avenue, Arlington, N. J.

A GOOD RULE YET.
While reading an old book, entitled, "The Family Doctor," I came across several rules on "How to Live Long." The first was, "Eat When You Are Hungry."—P. C. Houshoper, Roseland, N. J.

A TEMPORARY LOAN.
At Fulton Street, in the Subway, I saw a young man give his seat to a young woman, taking a strap nearby. As the train approached Fourteenth Street she arose, smiled at him and offered him the seat again with a "Thank you for its use."—John W. Stokes, Hellemsad, N. J.

JOY.
On Hicks Avenue to-day I saw a wealthy, middle-aged woman in a fine automobile sucking on one of these large 15-cent lollypops.—Ethel Cassey, No. 59 Hicks Avenue, Great Neck, N. Y.

"TAKE KEER O' YOURSELF."

MY father drives two miles every morning to his work and on the way stops to pick up a fellow worker. This morning I went with him. As we approached our friend's house father blew the horn to let him know we were waiting for him. I saw the gentleman come to his gate, accompanied by a pet rooster. When our friend stepped into the car the rooster crowded loudly. My father says the little rooster appears every morning, and every morning says the same goodby.—Ruth H. Larissen, Dover, N. J.

UNHYGIENIC.

I saw two boys of twelve on somebody's lawn milking somebody's cow. They had a milk bottle with them. The gang was waiting outside for them. Everybody had a drink.—J. T. Manning, No. 505 Willow Avenue, Lyndhurst, N. J.

"LAYDEERZ AND GEN-TLE-MEN"
I went to a most decidedly amateur circus by the children of the neighborhood. The three star feature of the sideshow was a mysterious big box on the side of which there was a piece of white paper marked "The Plagger." In the box was a hound dog with carriage dangling from his enormous ears and a finale hopped hat on his head, when it wasn't falling off. The poor dog also wore a red sweater.—Clementine Eckrode, No. 87 North Sixth Avenue, New Brunswick, N. J.

GRADE.
I saw a Fire Department held up at a railroad crossing to let a passenger train pass.—Clifford W. Lebrecht, No. 613 State Street, Hudson, N. Y.

AS LIKE AS TWO PEAS

In Main Street, White Plains, I saw two identical, seventy-year-olds.—Kathleen M. Barrett, No. 182 Kenosia Avenue, White Plains.

DEAR, INNOCENT CHILDREN.

In Angelique Street a physician had an uncanny experience this morning. He left his car in perfect running order in front of the home of a patient and when he came out again found it impossible to start. The good doctor pumped and tugged in vain; the machine wouldn't budge. He was about to leave it there and go for a truck when some boys and girls who had been watching from across the street suggested innocently that he "look at the fan." Wedged between the blades of the fan when he lifted the hood the doctor found a cat.—Missac Turpanjian, No. 806 Angelique Street, West Hoboken, N. J.

GIVING HIS A CHANCE.

At 43d Street and Eighth Avenue I saw an agent for the S. P. C. A. step out and have an earnest talk with a peddler whose wagon was piled high with vegetables and whose poor old horse was showing the effect of the heat. The animal's back showed certain distressing signs of the friction of a heavy saddle. I expected to see the agent hand the man a summons but instead he insisted on, and remained to supervise, certain helpful changes and loosening of the harness.—A. H. Beuhn, No. 205 Warburton Avenue, Yonkers.

THEY ARE INDEED.

In New York, at Chambers and Greenwich Streets, I saw a traffic policeman who apparently not only takes an interest in his job but possesses also a lot of civic pride. He was sweeping off the crosswalk at these streets, and I think the services of this policeman should be appreciated.—Helen Quinn, Furling, Greene County, N. Y.

JOHNNY ON THE SPOTS.

MOTHER and I were cleaning house to-day, and when we had finished with the upstairs work, wondered how on earth we ever could muster strength enough to attack the living and dining room rugs. We were almost in despair, when there was a ring at the doorbell. I wasn't able to go. I simply sank at the thought of "company." And then I heard a man's cheerful voice saying, "May I demonstrate this vacuum cleaner?" "Certainly," said Mother; "come right in." And the young man cleaned all our downstairs rugs! Mother was so pleased that she ordered a cleaner.—Sadie Schenker, Nyack, N. Y.

"LOOK OUT FOR THOSE FLEES"

While I was visiting a friend this afternoon I saw her two dogs approach the screen door. She made no effort to open the door for them and none was pawing at the lower part of the frame and pushed the door open, holding it so until the other dog had entered and then following him. And he didn't let the door "bang" either.—Mrs. Daniel O. Garlock, R. F. D. No. 2, Mount Klisco, N. Y.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.

I saw a man make a balky horse go to-day by covering its eyes with his coat.—M. J. Dowling, No. 202 Third Street, Union Hill, N. J.

ON THE WARPATH.

I saw a group of boys campers walk through mud and rain this morning toward the woods. Each carried a toy gun. I asked them if they were going hunting. "Yes," replied one. "We're hunting for some kids that called us city buns."—Mrs. I. R. Hilton, Southfields, N. Y.

GAME HEN.

I heard a commotion in the yard of our neighbor, who has a game hen with a brood of chicks. I looked out and saw the hen standing on the back of a chicken hawk who had knocked over one of her chicks. She was pecking at the hawk furiously. Three times the hawk attacked and was driven away.—R. C. T. Jr., Manaroneck, N. Y.

Yesterday's Special Prize Winners

First Prize, \$25
ANNA SCHLISMAN, No. 494 East 165th Street, the Bronx.
Second Prize, \$10
J. EISENBERG, Ward L 2, Bellevue Hospital.
Third Prize, \$5
J. B. KELLY, No. 2204 35th Street, Woodhaven, Queens.

Ten Prizes of \$2 Each
CHARLES A. BURSTEIN, No. 193 Marcy Avenue, Brooklyn.
JOHN J. MCCARTHY, No. 21 Fort Washington Avenue.
CAROLYN DARLING, No. 251 West 87th Street.
B. ROSENBERG, No. 1155 Simpson Street, the Bronx.
LEO ROSENBERG, No. 855 Hewitt Place, the Bronx.
JOHN SCHULTZ, No. 15 St. Mary's Avenue, Port Richmond.

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READ TO-DAY'S STORIES AND PICK OUT THOSE YOU THINK BEST. WINNERS WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN THIS EVENING'S NIGHT PICTORIAL (GREEN SHEET) EDITION AND IN OTHER EDITIONS ON MONDAY.